

Campaign Songs.

By A. McKILLOP.

REFORMERS' RALLYING SONG.

(WEST ELGIN.)

Ring the knell of thralldom, boys ; we'll sound it loud and long,
Ring it with a spirit that will wake and thrill the throng ;
Ring it as Reformers ring, a thousand thousand strong,
For we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.

Hurrah Boys, Hurrah Boys, for Blake will make us free,
Hurrah Boys, Hurrah Boys, our leader he shall be ;
Freemen rally round him, from the centre to the sea,
For we are marching to victory.

Rouse we then the people, boys, enlist them one and all ;
Let every man who has a vote be true to duty's call,
And we will send the traitor Knights, like beggars, to the wall,
For we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.—Hurrah Boys, Hurrah Boys, Etc.

Hector's Frenchmen in Quebec, are Tories tann'd and tarr'd,
John, to please them, sets aside the boundary award,
But we will vote for honest men, who shall our rights regard,
For we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.—Hurrah Boys, Hurrah Boys, Etc.

Sir John may swear by Jupiter, that he has hived the Grits,
Since he has cut the Counties up, and carved them into bits ;
Does he forget that they may swarm and give his party fits ?
For we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.—Hurrah Boys, Hurrah Boys, Etc.

Gerrymandering trickery has wakened just alarms ;
Old Ontario is stripped of all her ancient charms,
And might it not be justly said, to arms, ye free, to arms ?
For we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.—Hurrah Boys, Hurrah Boys, Etc.

This is the sunny month of June, the year is eighty-two,
And every man must make his mark, as all Reformers do ;
And while we work for Edward Blake, we vote for Casey too,
For we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.—Hurrah Boys, Hurrah Boys, Etc.

FREEMEN'S SONG.

ONTARIO.

Alt. — My Maryland.

Our favored land is bright and fair,
And all should equal freedom share;
The right to live, the right to vote,
And comfort, health and wealth promote.

Ontario, Ontario,

May surely claim her rights to know,
But now her foe, with ruthless hand,
Would take away her border land.

Ontario, Ontario,

Arise and lay the traitors low.

All righteous freemen well may hate

(The very name of Syndicate)

Manopolists, and all their crew

In former years we never knew.

Ontario, Ontario,

May surely claim her rights to know;

But now her foe, with reckless hand,

Has squandered half our prairie land.

Ontario, Ontario,

Arise and lay the traitors low.

Ontario, Ontario,

As Britons we may proudly boast,

A flag that waves on every coast;

That marks the kingdom of the brave,

But never shades the cringing slave.

Ontario, Ontario,

May surely claim her rights to know;

But now her foe's enslaving hand

Has Gerrymandered all the land.

Ontario, Ontario.

Arise and lay the traitors low.

Ontario, Ontario.

Up, up, ye freemen, follow Blake,

Away, away, your fetters shake,

Your country's weal still keep in sight,

And God defend, and speed the right

Ontario, Ontario,

May surely claim her rights to know,

For now her foe, with taxing hand,

Would grind the poor and crush the land.

Ontario, Ontario.

Arise and lay the traitors low.

Ontario, Ontario.